

HEART'S HUNGER.

We let them be just for a little while,
We cannot bear to put them yet away—
The vacant high chair of a little child,
The torn hat but worn the other day.
Or the low footstool where our dear one's feet
Had rested, or the father's easy chair,
That never more will hold the manly form—
We let them stand, the room would look too bare.

We gaze out in the waning, fading light,
The books and music mock us in the room;
Our hearts are with that new made grave in
the night,
All dark and shadow haunted in the gloom.
God pity those who wait in vain to hear
The sound of feet that ne'er will tread again
Or long to kiss white faces hid away.

In their deep beds beneath the snow and rain,
The wind from out the harp of nature chants
A dirge above them as it passes by;
The dead leaves, tears of autumn, sadly fall
Upon our sleeping ones as still they lie.
Oh, ye who never o'er dead loved ones wept,
Who ne'er kissed cold hands and faces white,
And held out empty arms and hearts to God,
Can never know the pain we feel tonight.

—San Francisco Examiner.

A GHOSTLY BRIDAL.

The stagecoach which ran between
Paris and Marseilles had just reached
Grenoble, when the young Baron de
Saint Andre climbed up to the front
seat.

Here he found a good looking fellow
of his own age, and straightway the
two became great friends. At the end
of an hour they began exchanging con-
fidences after the manner of youth.

The scion of noble stock was on his
way to Paris, to buy an officer's brevet,
so as to serve his country, as his an-
cestors had done before him; the other,
who was the son of a rich tradesman,
was also bound for Paris, for the pur-
pose, however, of marrying an heiress,
the daughter of an old friend of his
father.

"It is an even thing!" cried the young
baron laughingly. "A mere money mat-
ter for each of us. The little god Cupid
has no more concern in your business
than in mine!"

"There you mistake," returned the
other. "I have never seen Sylvia, but I
fell in love with her, once and forever,
the first time I laid eyes upon her por-
trait. Judge for yourself."

He opened a tortoise shell case, and
Saint Andre exclaimed admiringly:
"What an angel! Indeed, my dear
fellow, you are very fortunate to have
that charming, dainty creature picked
out for you."

"I do not complain," said the bride-
groom elect, "and now I am going to
sleep, if this miserable, jolting concern
will allow me. I am expected to break-
fast at my future father-in-law's as soon
as I reach Paris, and as I shall then be
presented to my betrothed I want to
look as well as possible."

At the end of three days and two
nights the heavy stagecoach lumbered
into the metropolis and the two travel-
ers went to the nearest hotel and en-
gaged two rooms, intending to take a
little rest. Saint Andre had just thrown
himself upon the bed when he heard
deep groans in the next room, and on
rushing in found his late companion
rolling on the floor in agonies of pain.
The servants were summoned, a phy-
sician was brought in and the latter de-
clared that the patient was suffering
from acute colic, which had probably
been contracted before he left home and
had been aggravated by the fatigue of
the journey. He pronounced the mal-
ady a very serious one, and so it proved,
for, in spite of every care, the youth ex-
pired at the end of an hour.

Saint Andre was overwhelmed by the
catastrophe, and when he found that he
could do nothing more for his friend he
stood gazing sadly at the lifeless clay
which lay on the narrow bed in the bare
hotel room. Poor fellow! So young, so
gay, looking forward to a bright future
and now snatched away without warn-
ing! What would the fair bride-elect
say when she heard of this tragedy?

Saint Andre dreaded the bearing of
the sad news to the family, but there
was no one else to perform the errand,
and so he set off, carrying with him the
dead youth's satchel.

When he reached the stately mansion
the front door flew open and two foot-
men in livery came to meet him. One
relieved him of his satchel, the other
took his hat and cloak and a voice was
heard exclaiming joyfully:

"Monsieur, here is your son-in-law at last!"

"Dear fellow!" cried a little, fat,
white haired man, rushing into the hall,
"let me embrace you!" and he clasped
the newcomer rapturously to his heart.
As soon as he could get his breath
Saint Andre said hurriedly:

"Pardon me, sir, but"—
"I pardon you for being late," inter-
rupted the other. "Look, it is 12 o'clock,
and breakfast is growing cold. Come
in and see my daughter. The little puss
has been waiting the clock for hours,
and is all impatient to meet you."

He pulled the young man into the
breakfast room as he spoke, and with-
out pausing an instant added, "My wife,
Uncle Dorival, Aunt Dolorice, here is
the son-in-law at last; Sylvia, my child,
bid him welcome!"

"I beg pardon, sir," cried Saint Andre,
but again his host interrupted him.

"Don't tell me that you wish to draw
back at the last moment, my dear fel-
low! Everything has been arranged by
my esteemed friend, your father, but if
you have any objection to urge I will
hear it later; bad news can always keep.
Now let us sit down to breakfast at once
and be merry. Sit by me, son-in-law,
and give me your opinion of this pigeon
bisque."

The visitor was young and very hun-
gry, having fasted since midnight. The
shock of his companion's sudden death
had unnerved him somewhat, and so for
the time being he yielded to the force of
circumstances.

"Come what will," he said to himself,
"I cannot bear to put a dampener upon
the joy of these good people; at least
not until they have had their break-
fast."

He joined therefore in the general
merriment, smiled sweetly upon blush-
ing Sylvia, the bride-elect, and replied

unhesitatingly to his supposed future
father-in-law's inquiries.

"How is your Aunt Armande, my
son?" asked the old man suddenly. "I
remember her as a charming young wo-
man; when I was twenty I came near
falling in love with her! We must keep
her in good graces, for she will leave a
snug little fortune to her nephew."

"Dear aunt!" exclaimed the youth in
a tone of deep affection; "I hope she
will enjoy life for many, many years
longer," and his pious wish was reward-
ed with a tender glance from Sylvia's
dark eyes. Aunt Dolorice also listened
to him with delight.

"He has the instincts as well as the
bearing of a born gentleman," she whis-
pered to her brother. "Who would
think that his ancestors had always sold
cinnamon and nutmegs!"

Uncle Dorival, who read cyclopedias
and was thought very learned, retorted
quickly:

"And why should he not have as fine
sentiments as a nobleman? Away with your
absurd notions, sister! All men
are equal!"

The clock struck 2, and Saint Andre
suddenly felt a pang of remorse for the
part he was playing, as he recollected
that he had arranged for his friend's
burial and would be expected at the
hotel. He therefore rose from the table,
and announcing that he had important
business to attend to, prepared to leave.
His host protested in vain, Sylvia looked
up in blank amazement and every one
entrusted him to himself.

"I do not understand," began the old
man, following his visitor to the front
door. The young man interrupted him,
saying solemnly:

"I will explain. At 11 o'clock this
morning I died, after a short and sud-
den attack of colic, and I gave the hotel
proprietor my word of honor that my
body should be removed this afternoon.
You see, therefore, that if I were to ab-
sent myself any longer it would be very
awkward." With these words he dis-
appeared, leaving the old father over-
whelmed with amazement.

When the rest of the family heard
what had been said they decided that
the youth was joking.

"He has humor," said Uncle Dorival.
"I shall congratulate him the next time
I see him. He will be here in time for
supper."

But supper time came and passed, and
there was no sign of the son-in-law. The
family became anxious and alarmed, and
toward 8 o'clock they sent a mes-
senger to the hotel to inquire for the
passenger who had arrived there by
coach that morning. The proprietor
sent back word that the gentleman
named had died at 11 o'clock of colic,
and that the body had been taken away
for burial in the afternoon. This news
was received with unbounded astonish-
ment, and little Sylvia burst into tears
as she declared that she would wear
mourning as if she were a widow.

"It was his ghost that came here,"
said the girl's mother in a tone of awe,
but Uncle Dorival shrugged his shoulders.

"Do ghosts eat and drink as he did?"
he asked. "That fellow was merely
some young scapegrace who wanted to
play a trick on us and get a good meal
at the same time." Nevertheless the
ghost story went round of the serv-
ants' hall, and the footmen boasted of
having seen a spirit in broad daylight.
The tale spread until it became a sub-
ject of wonder in boudoirs and drawing
rooms, and the fair young widow who
had never been married wore a black
gown and veil and shed passionate tears
for the affianced husband whom she had
seen but once.

Two weeks later she was wandering
about the garden one evening, listening
sadly to the songs of the nightingales.
The stars were shining brilliantly, but
the sight of their beauty only served to
increase her sorrow.

"Alas!" she sighed, "if he were but
here to stroll with me along these path-
ways!"

As she spoke a cracking of boughs
near her made her start with ter-
ror, and in another instant a man
broke through the flowering shrubs and
knelt at her feet. The stars were shin-
ing to some purpose then, for by their
light she recognized the face for which
she had been longing, and in a voice
which betokened mingled joy and dread
she cried:

"Then you are not dead!"
"No indeed, sweetheart," he answered
softly; "I am alive, and I hope to live
and love you for many a long day yet."

When the two young people entered
the drawing room the family were play-
ing backgammon. A look of amaze-
ment greeted the appearance of Saint
Andre, and every one being dumfounded
the young baron had no difficulty in
telling his story, which he concluded by
saying for Sylvia's hand.

The marriage took place as soon as the
proper period of mourning had elapsed,
and Aunt Dolorice was triumphant.

"Did I not tell you he had the bearing
of a nobleman?" she cried.

"All's well that ends well, and a baron
is as good as a grocer," said Uncle Dorival.

—Translated from the French by
Isabel Smithson for Romance.

Training Youngsters to Sling Stones.
It has been said that Asiatic nations
excelled others in the use of the sling,
and the slingers of an ancient army
used their little weapons with terrible
effect. "These natives have such skill,"
says one old historian, "that it very
rarely happens that they miss their aim.
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of the sling is the training given them
from their earliest years by their moth-
ers, who set up a piece of bread hung at
the end of a rod for a target, and let
their children remain without food until
they have hit it, when the child who is
the victor receives the bread as the re-
ward of his skill and patience."—Har-
per's Young People.

Fireworks in Europe in 1300.
Fireworks first became known in Eu-
rope in 1300, when the Italians in Flor-
ence managed to make some. The first
spectacle of fireworks was in 1388.—New
York Evening Sun.

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